

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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IN GOD'S BALANCES.

Human Lives and Actions Weighed in the Divine Scales.

Dr. Tolmance Preaches on Personal Responsibility, Taking His Text from the Handwriting on the Wall at Babylon.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.)
Washington, May 25.
In these days of moral awakening this pointed sermon by Dr. Tolmance on personal responsibility before God will be read with a deep and solemn interest. Text, Daniel 5:27: "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city 60 miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which material for the building of the city had been digged. There were 25 gates on each side of the city, between every two gates a tower of defense sprang into the skies, from each gate on the one side a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were 50 streets 15 miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace 7 1/2 miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up, it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our \$52,000,000.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an awestricken look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror, circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it comes up, and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now death is king, and he is seated upon a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities; on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The scales come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is so much thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equilibrium may be disturbed. You cannot at ways depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect balance, and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect

measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes to the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct—that 20 hundred makes a ton and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less. And a religion which does not take hold of this life as well as the life to come is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh words. "What!" you say, "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes, why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins, and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side of the balances and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side of the scale. He puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will weigh it out of His mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times He has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and He put on one side the scales the emperor, and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded opera house, and on the other side He puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads his gun; he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sick room, does he treat disease in the abstract? No; he feels the pulse, makes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And, if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncurbed by grace, will kill us forever. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who would like to be weighed? Here comes a worldling. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer 30 days." "Get in my friend; get into those balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are: "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires Heaven because it is a land of gold and money must be "easy." I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing furs, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. "On your side the balances, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income God and the

angels are writing in regard to your soul: 'Weighed and found wanting!'

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the settling down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as if from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgotten get out on this side the balances. They must have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles and distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone, there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages—a soul on one side of the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, 10,000 opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side of the scales, and there God stands, and, in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangels, he announces, while groaning earthquake and crackling conflagration and judgment trumpet and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed and found wanting."

But say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to go into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned; our title to Heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" Yes, my brothers, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed. Oh, follower of Christ, you get into the balances! The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get in to the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections. Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side the scale we will place all the good deeds you have ever done and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come, mighty men of the past, and get in on that side of the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down, that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wyclifes, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian balances and see if you cannot help him weight it aright. They come and get in. Too light! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet! I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point Jesus, Son of God, comes up to the balances, and He puts one of His sacred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then He puts both of His sacred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of Heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight!

But says the Christian: "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side of the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Jesus Christ. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh, what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? Will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my ransom, my Heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail Thee!" Oh, if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off or back into history to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a short clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save a family, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt, and hurt for others. But I tell you to-day of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood-red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. And are your hearts not touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice, come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

Why is a vote of thanks like a turnstile? Because it must be moved before being passed.



HEARSE GETS STUCK.

Grave Condition of Roads in an Otherwise Highly Progressive Illinois Community.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times regarding the good roads movement is that newspapers, big and little, in city and village, are discussing the subject in a forceful, intelligent, fetching way. The somewhat funeral picture shown here is reproduced from a recent copy of the Rushville (Ill.) Times, which says:

"Bad roads and religion do not mix readily. In fact, the first is perhaps productive of more profanity than any other thing farmers have to contend with. Be that as it may, we have the bad roads; have had them since time immemorial, and the question is whether we will continue to have them



STUCK IN THE MUD.

or rather seek some practical solution of the question, which is of mutual importance to the farmer and business man.

"On March 10 C. H. Hammond, of the firm of Hammond & Streimel, went to Littleton to attend a funeral. Knowing the condition of the roads, a four-horse team was attached to the hearse and the front and rear axles were chained together to keep them from pulling apart. D. A. Cooney drove the team and managed to keep the vehicle moving all the time until within the corporation limits on the return trip. Here the mud was deeper, blacker and more tenacious, and hung on the spokes of the wheels until a huge mass had accumulated. The weight of the mud was so great it spread the wheels, and as the horses continued to go forward the strain came on the front axle, which sprung out of shape, allowing the wheels to strike the bed of the gutter, bringing it to a sudden stop. "It was impossible to move the hearse with the axle sprung as it was, so the teams were unhitched and the vehicle left in the road until it could be brought to the city on sled-runners. While it was stalled in the street Mr. Hammond took a snapshot picture of it, of which the cut shown herewith is a reproduction."

Surely such object lessons as this cannot fail to arouse the good people of any mud-locked community to the evil that besets them. And "they say" the people of Rushville and vicinity are now determined to have better roads.

GOOD ROADS GOSPEL.

A Few Pointed Epigrams Taken from a Speech Delivered by Hon. John P. Brown.

Hon. John P. Brown, of Connorsville, Ind., was recently invited by Gov. Mount to address the Indiana State Association of Trustees, and from his brilliant effort the following bright shafts of good roads advocacy are worthy of consideration:

"No influence has been so potent as the wheel in developing the system of good roads, and all of these thousands of L. A. W. wheelmen are ready to help the farmer secure good roads.

"Civilization and education are the results of perfect highways, not only among nations, but localities as well.

"The future prosperity of the state will be determined by those who are now in school. Good roads will aid them in accomplishing their future work in the advancement of the state.

"A good road cannot be built without the expenditure of much money and great labor.

"A high land tax now means a low land tax hereafter, while a low land tax is the highest and longest continued.

"All taxes should be collected in cash.

"All wealth should aid in that which benefits all, and in nothing is this more true than good roads.

"The state should aid in highway construction, on which her future welfare so greatly depends."

Railways and Roadways.

When a railway company undertakes to extend its tracks, or to put in a switch, or to do any other work of this sort, the first thing done is to have their engineer—an educated and trained specialist—prepare the plans, set the stakes, and superintend the job. They never trust a booby; they do not trust even an experienced roadmaster, except with expert supervision. When our county commissioners are charged with the care of a road, they push the responsibility on to some ignorant pike commissioner, and apparently trust the devil to superintend. He does usually, and very effectively, with the result that we get less for our money than any other county hereabouts.—Dayton (O.) Herald.

SOME NEW DEVICES.

A floating merry-go-round has been designed which will revolve on the surface of the water, a circular hull being provided with a central shaft having an anchor at the bottom, with a paddle wheel driven by a motor to turn the hull.

The hinged brace is done away with in a new support for carriage tops, a rod being pivoted at the rear of the top, with a socket on the side of the seat to receive the rod, the latter being adapted to be clamped in the socket to hold it in place.

Emery products are replaced by an Englishman's patent, the process consisting in heating purified iron sand to redness in the presence of carbon and then immersing the particles in cold water, on the top of which rests a thick layer of oil.

To illustrate the phenomena of thunder and lightning an apparatus has been designed which accumulates the force in a suitable holder from a small generator, discharging it from a flat plate suspended horizontally to objects placed on a platform below.

Floor sweepings are easily taken up by a new dustpan, which rests in a depression cut in the floor, the edges being flush with the floor and allowing the dirt to be swept in without the necessity of stooping to hold the pan with the hand.

A New York inventor has patented a fire escape which is out of sight when not in use and does not occupy extra space in the room, consisting of a casing to be attached to the under side of a chair, carrying a reel on which the rope ladder is wound.

CONCERNING CATS.

Over 2,000 years ago the cat was a domestic animal.

Cats do not have the affection for their masters that dogs have, but they love their homes far more.

The cat was a sacred animal to the ancient Egyptians and was supposed to represent the god Isis, or the moon, and was after death embalmed after the same manner that human beings were. These mummies of cats are found to-day in the old Egyptian tombs.

A strange thing about the house cat is that if allowed to run wild in the country and get its food by killing rabbits, chickens and such live things it will gradually but surely take the color and stripes of the regular wildcat and act and live like one.

It is well known that when a cat has become accustomed to a certain house or locality she is hard to get rid of, if that be desired. Cover up her eyes and carry her off in a basket to a great distance and she will always come back, no matter how far it may be. Some explain this on the ground of the cat's sense of smell.

ANIMALS FOR TRAINING.

A young walrus that is bought for \$500 when carefully trained is worth fully \$5,000.

Animal trainers say the most intelligent animals for their purpose are the walrus, elephant, monkey, seal and sea lion.

Elephants' memories are the most lasting of any animal's. One trainer had an elephant in his care six weeks and taught it many tricks. It was then shipped away to a menagerie, where it led a humdrum life for many months. Its old trainer coming in unexpectedly, he obeyed his voice and went through its tricks perfectly.

Sea lions, seals, walruses and pelicans are fed on fish when in captivity; monkeys, young lions and hippopotamuses drink milk—a full-grown hippopotamus will get away with 15 quarts of milk in a day. Polar bears live on bread; monkeys like fruit as well as milk; snakes require rabbits, chickens and ducks. A kangaroo eats nearly 2,000 pounds of bread a week.

CURIOUS FACTS.

No vice president has been nominated for 50 years.

The best marksmen are usually those with gray or blue eyes.

The annual increase of population in the United States is about 1,000,000.

Chicago's actual population at the present time is approximately 2,005,000.

On Mr. J. W. Overstreet's place, near Tifton, Ga., is an oak 12 feet 4 inches in circumference, 15 inches above the ground and 11 feet in circumference as high up as a man can reach. It has a spread of branches of about 75 feet.

The little Essex village of Chipping Ongar is a remarkable place. With a population of 800 there are 12 persons, of whom four are women, whose united ages amount to 1,032 years. They all live on the same street; one is 93, one 92, one 90, one 87, two 85, two 84, three 83 and one 81.

TRADESMAN AND MERCHANT.

Brazil produces about 7,000,000 bags of coffee a year.

The Minneapolis mills make 14,000,000 barrels of flour a year, and consume 60,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Jute machinery has been used successfully in the Walla Walla (Wash.) penitentiary in the making of grain-bags from flax-tow.

A lathe-center grinding appliance, which is attracting considerable attention in mechanical circles, has a peculiar arrangement for speeding up the grinding spindle. It is not coupled directly to the flexible shaft, but is driven through the intermediary of a compact epicycle train, which causes it to make six turns for each one of the flexible shaft, the train acting entirely by friction and consisting of four flexible rings of steel compressed between the grinding spindle and an outer fixed case.

A PATRIOTIC GOAT.

Buffalo Bill, the Mascot of the Buffalo Soldiers, Delights in Bunting the Spanish Flag.

When Buffalo Bill, alias Newport Jack, was born in Harlem seven years ago his mamma did not guess that he would one day be a famous warship goat.

His favorite amusement, says the New York World, is to butt the Spanish flag. You can't fool him with the red and yellow bars.

He is a brindle dilly, with a wicked eye, villainous whiskers and an agonizing



SHOWING HIS PATRIOTISM.

ing appetite. He is the mascot of the regular crew of the cruiser Buffalo, and on the recent run home from Manila was the rival of Aguinaldo, the pet of Dewey's men, who were brought back.

Bill belongs to Howard Evans, the ship's cook. He was originally the mascot of the cruiser Newport and served on board that vessel all last spring and summer during the tedious blockade off Cuba.

After the war he was presented to the Buffalo's cook, who spent a month's wages in having a finely ornamental coat made for the goat. When the Buffalo sailed for Manila in December last Bill was taken along, and he stood the long voyage better than any of the seamen.

He didn't suffer from the intense heat of the tropics during the six weeks' stay at Manila. His owner believes his peculiar diet stood him in good stead.

Bill has a fancy for the ashes removed from the boiler fires. He also likes to nibble at soft coal. Fresh paint is his chief delight, and when anything on the ship is being painted he follows the men about and licks off the paint, almost as fast as it is put on.

The cook supplies him lavishly with the best of the galley affords, but Bill only consumes ordinary food when ashore, coal or paint are scarce. He doesn't like newspapers, unless they are smeared with glue. The cook thinks this latter is due to Bill's early training in Harlem, where the billboards abound.

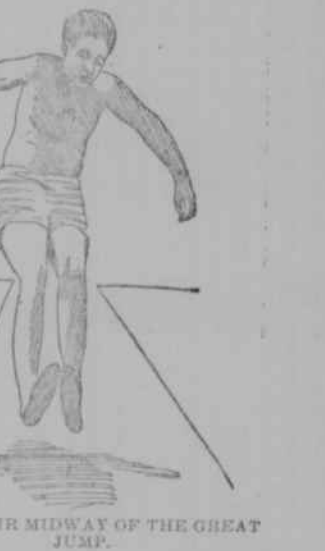
Bill is a fighter. When Capt. Hempel, of the Buffalo, teased him one day during the ship's stop at Manila, Bill butted him in the waistcoat and knocked the captain flat.

WONDERFUL JUMPER.

Wisconsin Amateur Athlete Makes a New Clean Record of 24 Feet 5 1/2 Inches.

Can you jump your own length? Try it and then read how Alvin C. Kraenzlein, of Wisconsin, jumped four times his, and he is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches. Kraenzlein was born in Minneapolis, but was raised in Milwaukee. While at a state university at Madison he ran 200 yards over hurdles in 5:36 2-5. Since then all the great experts have had their eyes on him.

In 1907 he entered the dental department of the University of Pennsylvania, where he is now a student. He soon



IN THE AIR MIDWAY OF THE GREAT JUMP.

mastered the secret of clearing the gates, and in 1899 made a sensation by breaking the world's record for the 120-yard hurdles. At the Moot Haven games, Berkeley, Cal., he was instrumental in winning the intercollegiate championship for the University of Pennsylvania.

It was at the games that Kraenzlein again astonished the athletic world by traveling 220 yards over hurdles in 0:23 3-5, which was faster than any man had ever accomplished it before. He followed this up by creating new world's figures for the 50-yard hurdles (indoors), which he placed at 0:06.

His last and by all means his greatest record was made at Franklin field, Philadelphia, when he jumped 24 feet 3 1/2 inches.

Kraenzlein can cover 100 yards in 0:10; 200 yards in 0:22; 440 yards in 0:59 3-5; has cleared six feet in high jump in competition, while with the weights he has put the shot 37 feet and thrown the 16-pound hammer 104 feet.

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R. S. PAULETT, President.
W. G. Venable, Cashier.

Capital paid up, \$50,